



Ex-CBI Roundup

—CHINA—BURMA—INDIA—

May, 1972



Steve Canyon Returns to CBI

Milton Caniff's popular cartoon strip character, Col. Steve Canyon, a CBI veteran, has gone to India for "the dedication of a memorial to CBI troops." The above reproduction of the first panel from the April 29 strip shows Steve at the dedication ceremony, with CBI emblem prominently displayed in background. Translation of the Hindi, Milt Caniff informs us, is "Better death in the discharge of one's own duty; the death of another is full of danger." The Steve Canyon cartoon strip is distributed by Field Enterprises, Inc., and appears in daily newspapers from coast to coast.



P-40 With Bomb Load

THIS REPRODUCTION of a watercolor made in India by Garret Cope, now chief photographer of the Jackson, Mich., Citizen Patriot, shows a bomb-carrying P-40 diving on a bridge in Assam. Apparently this is one of the planes of the "Our Assam Dragon" 51st Fighter Squadron, which were said to be the first fighters to carry 1,000-pound bombs. The 51st dropped tons of explosives on bridges and airfields.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

CHINA · BURMA · INDIA



Ex-CBI ROUNDUP, established 1946, is a reminiscing magazine published monthly except AUGUST and SEPTEMBER at 117 South Third Street, Laurens, Iowa, by and for former members of U. S. Units stationed in the China-Burma-India Theater during World War II. Ex-CBI Roundup is the official publication of the China-Burma-India Veterans Association.

Neil L. Maurer Editor

SECOND CLASS postage paid at Laurens, Iowa.

Vol. 27, No. 5

May, 1972

SUBSCRIPTION RATE

\$4.00 per Year	Foreign \$5.00 per Year
\$7.50 Two Years	\$9.00 Two Years

Please Report Change of Address Immediately!

Direct All Correspondence to

Ex-CBI Roundup

Telephone (712) 845-4541

P. O. Box 125

Laurens, Iowa 50554

Letter FROM The Editor . . .

● **A campaign** which we believe will meet with the approval of most CBIs has been started by the China-Burma-India Veterans Association—urging the issuance of a U.S. commemorative postage stamp honoring the CBI and the CBIVA's 25th anniversary year, 1973. It is suggested that the stamp incorporate the famous red, white and blue patch of the CBI along with portraits of Generals Chennault and Stilwell. A resolution requesting issuance of this stamp was unanimously adopted at the 1971 annual reunion in Dallas.

● **All CBIs** are urged by National Commander Bob Thomas to write top officials of the U.S. Postal Service; members of the Citizen Stamp Advisory Committee, a group of experts who recommend the design and subject matter of new postage stamps; congressmen and senators.

● **Top officials** include Postmaster General Elmer Klassen, United States Postal Service, Washington, D.C.; Frederick Kappel, Chairman of the Board, USPS, Washington, D.C.; Myron A. Wright, Vice Chairman of the Board, USPS, c/o Humble Oil Co., Houston, Tex.; and Rep. Morris K. Udall, USPS Committee Chairman, House Office Building, Washington, D.C.

● **Among members** of the Advisory Committee for whom addresses are known are Franklin Bruns, The Washington Post, Washington, D.C.; Belmont Faries, The Washington Star, Washington, DC.; William Douglas Arant, Brown Marx Bldg., 2000 1st Ave. N., Birmingham, Ala.; Emerson Clark, American Philatelic Society, APS Box 800, State College, Pa. 16801; Robert Osterhoff, c/o Western Stamp Collector, P.O. Box 10, Albany, Ore. 97321; K. J. Carter Brown, Director, National Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C.; and James A. Conlon, Director, Bureau of Engraving and Printing, U.S. Govt. Printing Office, Washington, D.C.

● **We hope** many letters will be written in support of this project!

MAY, 1972

Holloway Retiring

● Gen. John C. Meyer, Air Force vice chief of staff, has been selected by President Nixon to succeed Gen. Bruce K. Holloway as commander in chief of the Strategic Air Command, effective May 1. General Holloway, who has led SAC since August 1968, is retiring after completing 35 years of service. A 1937 graduate of West Point, General Holloway gained his first combat flying experience as a fighter pilot with the American Volunteer Group Flying Tigers in China. He remained with the group as its commander following activation as the Army Air Force's 23rd Fighter Group. During his tour in China he was credited with shooting down 13 enemy aircraft.

(From Q-Point, publication of the Fourteenth Aerospace Force, ADC, Ent. AFB, Colo.)



WOMEN with children ask for "baksheesh." Photo from Paul Tix.



RESULTS of an air raid on an American base in east China. Photo by Milton Klein.

Dorothy Moyer Ruch

● Mrs. John W. Ruch of Oak Ridge, Tenn., wife of the deputy assistant manager for operations of the Atomic Energy Commission, died Sept. 27, 1971. The former Dorothy Moyer, she was born at Chicago, Ill., awarded a degree in music from Rockford College and another in social work at the University of Chicago. She served during World War II in the American Red Cross, at general hospitals in Calcutta, India, and Myitkyina, Burma. She went overseas on the U.S.S. Uruguay, leaving Los Angeles in November 1943, and returned to the United States in August 1945. She was an avid golfer and sportswoman, and engaged in many volunteer activities at Oak Ridge. In recent years she had suffered from a long, incapacitating illness. Her husband and two sons survive.

(From a newspaper article in The Oak Ridger.)

Small Minority

● Enjoy the letters from the faithful, but find the current controversy created by the recent article of Dr. Crosby rather distressing for two reasons. Firstly I do not believe that Roundup should be a sounding board for this type of gripe or grievance, be it justified or not. Secondly I am among

that group who find it very difficult to relate the allegations made by Dr. Crosby with the real personality and character of the late General. They are just not compatible with his real and genuine regard and affection for the ordinary GI who was in the CBI doing a job. No doubt "Uncle Joe" did have his detractors, but I believe they are a very small minority among the many of us who toiled in CBI. Let us not use the pages of Roundup to create controversy unless it be constructive and beneficial to all of us.

HOWARD GORMAN,
Sacramento, Calif.

William J. Robstock

● My brother, William J. Robstock, a CBI veteran, passed away April 9, 1971, in the Veterans Hospital at Providence, R.I. He had lived the last 15 years of his life at Key West, Fla. He was in his 59th year and died of cancer.

ANN ROBSTOCK SMITH,
Warwick, R.I.

Gabby Gabaree

● My father, Gabby Gabaree, died December 24, 1970. Thank you for thinking of him; he liked Ex-CBI Roundup very much.

CATHERINE BOUCHARD,
Waterbury, Conn.

Dr. Irving Perlmutter

● Dr. Irving Perlmutter, 56, former director of obstetrics and gynecology at Beth Israel Medical Center, Newark, N.J., died recently at Maplewood, N.J. Dr. Perlmutter and his wife, the former Helen G. Houtsman, were both with the original 159th Station Hospital that sailed to India on the S.S. Brazil. Both were stationed in Karachi with the 159th, later enlarged to 180th General Hospital. Dr. Perlmutter was a major and his wife was an Army nurse.

ETHEL G. YAVORSKY,
Poland, Ohio



HILL tribe people give Jeep only a passing glance as they walk by. Photo from Paul Tix.

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PORTION of the Maidan is shown in the foreground of this view toward Whiteaway, Laidlaw store. Photo by CWO Henry R. Uhland.

Chennault Memorial

● The Chennault Memorial service of the 14th Air Force Association is planned this year for the weekend of June 2, 3 and 4. We will headquarter at the Twin Bridges Marriott Hotel here in the D.C. area. This is during Transpo '72, but there are 40 rooms set aside for our group to reserve. Tentative schedule includes arrival June 2 and reception from 4:30 to 6:30 p.m. that day at residence of the Chinese ambassador; memorial service at grave of Lt. Gen Claire Lee Chennault at Arlington National Cemetery at 10 a.m. June 3 with balance of day free for attending Transpo '72 if desired, and memorial banquet at 7:30 that evening at Peking Restaurant; then hospitality room and farewell on Sunday from 8 p.m. on. Anyone wishing further details may contact me at 5128 Tenth Rd. North, Arlington, Va. 22205.

BUCK DOYLE,
Arlington, Va.

Identifies Photo

● My wife, Corporal Ruth Fleischman, is a subscriber to Ex-CBI Roundup, and served in the CBI at Hastings Air Base, Calcutta, India, 1944-45. I am the writer in the family; she is proficient with apple pies and kitchen delights. She asked

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tings for 17 months. She still corresponds with another WAC CBier, who was stationed with her at Hastings and now lives at Columbus, Ga. She still wears her CBI pin, and the CBI sticker proudly hails from the back window of our Rambler American, 1967. She sends her very best regards to you. I do, too, and am an enthusiastic reader of Ex-CBI Roundup.

GEORGE HERRICK,
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Harold L. Sheldon

● Harold L. Sheldon, a dairy farmer at Nassau, N.Y., died March 10 at the Albany Veterans Administration Hospital after a short illness. From 1942 to 1945, he served with Company C, 849th Engineer Battalion of the U.S. Army, spending two years in Burma. Three sisters and four brothers survive.

(From a Hudson Register-Star clipping, submitted by Metro Wyda, Hudson, N.Y.)



NOTED CARTOONIST Milton Caniff (left) and Col. Philip Cochran flank the Earl of Burma, Lord Louis Mountbatten, at the ninth annual Air Force Salute in New York March 24. Lord Mountbatten served as Commander of Allied Forces in Southeast Asia during the Second World War. Cochran was co-commander of the aerial invasion of northern Burma.

Let's Call Him Abdul!

By E. E. SCHROEDER

I have been a subscriber to Ex-CBI Roundup for only about 10 years, and have enjoyed the many really interesting stories, etc. However, during that time I have never seen anything about Indian bearers. Every American, man or woman, who served in India in World War II should remember what bearers were. They were a unique class. For those of you who don't remember those were the Indian chaps who looked after your laundry and polished your shoes (if you furnished the soap and shoe polish), swept the floors in your basha, hung your clothes out to dry during monsoon months between rain and hot sunshine, etc. It intrigued me that every bearer I had spoke excellent English, and sorry to say better English than most of the present American high school graduates. Every American had his own bearer or could afford one. Wages paid varied from \$7 to \$10 per month. They got free meals at Army (Air Force) kitchens from left-overs after being assured that there were no animal fats used. Of course, the U.S. mess sergeants never failed to assure them that the left-overs were fat free, regardless.

I was always blessed with a very good bearer; that is, nearly always. Most of the bearers I had were named either Abdul or Mahammed. Too long ago to remember—29 years. I'll call my first story experience with Abdul just to give him a name.

After six weeks with the American troops training Chinese recruits near Ramgahr I went to a bomber squadron, part of the 7th Bomber Group, stationed in or near Gaya. There I hired Abdul. He spoke excellent English and was a good bearer. This was early in 1943. We weren't near Gaya very long. One day Abdul told me that the squadron would leave Gaya and move to Vishinpur after two days at 1100 hours. That I would be train commander and we would leave from Gaya railroad station. Most of the Squadron, he said, would move by train and our B24's would be flown to Vishin-

pur by the air crews. This surprised me as I had heard nothing about the move.

But we did leave the second day as Abdul had told me and I was the train commander. But Abdul was a bit off on the departure time. We left at 1130 hours. Only in Germany and Switzerland do railroad trains leave on time. Abdul had a bicycle and as the train moved away I saw him riding away on his bike. He had seen to it that my luggage was safely aboard the train.

The train stopped at Cawnpore where there was a transient station restaurant which had been approved by American and British medics. I hadn't an order to the contrary so let the boys detrain to stretch their legs and eat at the restaurant. Just how many hours we were en route I don't remember but I believe that we got into Vishinpur the following morning. Imagine my surprise when I got off the train. Who should be waiting for me? You guessed it. It was Abdul and his bicycle! Later that day he presented me with six each knives, forks and spoons all neatly engraved with the name of the India and Eastern Railway or perhaps it was Eastern India Railway. I hadn't seen Abdul in the Cawnpore station restaurant for the simple reason that I never got inside it. I stayed outside. After all, I was the train commander and didn't want to take any chances that it might leave without our troops. Stranger things than that could happen in India. Abdul said that perhaps the cutlery would be interesting souvenirs. I put those items in an unlocked bureau drawer in my new home and soon forgot about them. Too busy getting settled.

Two days later Abdul and the cutlery disappeared. Before leaving he had done his usual work, cleaning, etc. Loss of the cutlery didn't present any grief on my part as it was of no particular value anyway. Nothing else was missing. I knew other bearers would soon apply for the job. Anyway, I didn't know Abdul's home address,

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telephone number nor even his zip code number! If he had one.

The day after Abdul and the cutlery disappeared I had an unusual visitor. An Indian man introduced himself to me as an official of the India & Eastern R.R., or maybe it was the Eastern India R.R. After asking me if I was the train commander of a certain American troop train which stopped at Cawnpore on such and such date and assuring him I was, he said he came to collect several hundred rupees for cutlery stolen from the restaurant there. I asked him to show me proof that those were my men and to identify them which of course he couldn't and he left muttering to himself.

The next day Abdul and the cutlery were back. I told Abdul to get rid of the cutlery as I didn't want to get further involved. I didn't bother to ask him how he got his loot in the first place. Indians stealing from Indians was none of my business.

After several months in Vishinpur I was transferred to Pandaveswar, headquarters of the 7th Heavy Bomber Group. Abdul said he wasn't going with me as he had a girl friend there he didn't dare to meet again. I didn't ask the details.

Now we come to Mahammed. Maybe that wasn't his name; 50-50 chance anyway. Mahammed was the head bearer for all the kitchen help in the mess hall. But he said that he would like to work for me, too; plenty time for both jobs and knew the work. He really surprised me when he showed me for reference purposes a sheet of fine stationery with the names of a very famous American actress and her husband at the top of the sheet. In longhand script was a written letter of recommendation for Mahammed as a reliable bearer. He said he was the bearer for those two famous people while they were in a fine hotel in New Delhi.

Mahammed said he was to get married and needed the extra money. One evening he came to my basha and told me again that he planned marriage. He said that he was the son of a high caste priest but became low caste when he ran away to be a bearer and mostly for Americans, British and other white people. He said he preferred being a bearer for Americans for they paid him more. He said

he was marrying a high caste woman who would also become low caste. Mahammed told me he would like a wedding present from me, in the form of rupees of course. I had had a little luck in the previous night's poker game so gave him 25 rupees.

Then the events became more complicated. I asked him if the girl he was marrying had to keep her face covered at all times, except as I had heard, only in bed with her husband and being loved could she uncover her face. He said that was true. Then he made a really amazing suggestion. He said that if I used a flashlight camera he would leave his bedroom door open and at the propitious moment I could get the very intimate picture. And for ONLY 50 more rupees. No dear readers, I did not get the picture. Really, I am not that lascivious! I guess Mahammed got married for a few days later he disappeared and we never saw him again. Strange world, India!

Prior to the time that I had the above mentioned Mahammed, for a brief time I had a bearer whom we will name Abdul. While he was my bearer the American medics sent out a notice that all bearers employed in the air force base had to report to the clinic for an examination to learn if any had leprosy symptoms or an inclination thereto. Abdul reported with a hundred or more others. When the exams were all completed only one bearer was found to be discharged. Again, you guessed it. It was my Abdul. The medics assured me that I need not worry. Even if exposed it would be at least six years before any symptoms in me would develop. Great comfort!

And then there was the bearer I had while in the Madras rest camp. I was quartered in the Connemora Hotel in Madras. He came into my room one day and informed me that I looked lonesome and offered to show me the sights. I thought it an interesting idea and we started out in a taxi with an engine that sounded like it might die any minute. Seems as though the bearer's idea of seeing the sights was to visit the red light districts. He started telling me of a beautiful white girl, age 16, who would be an agreeable night partner. When I saw what his idea of sightseeing amounted

to I stopped the taxi and kicked him out and went back to the hotel.

Next to the bearers we pause a moment to mention the "guides." One could hardly enter a hotel nor other places without a flock of Indians crowding around with the usual "me good guide." They used poor English and would not have qualified as bearers.

I remember back in 1943 during the height of the worst famine India had suffered in many decades I was in Asansol on official business, a city of about 60,000 people some forty miles from Pandaveswar. I noticed a huge gathering of Indians in a park area. I learned that it was time for American trucks to arrive with the big kettles of cooked curried rice to feed starving Indians. It was a daily event at that time. I thought it interesting to watch and waited across the street. Before the trucks arrived a half dozen Indians volunteered to be my "good guide". Why one needed any kind of guide under such circumstances. I never figured out, however, I hired one. Soon the big trucks rolled into the area. There was a mad scramble to get near the trucks to be sure of food. In this mad rush one Indian man fell beneath the front wheels of one of

the trucks and had his head smashed to a pulp. My "good guide" felt obliged to say something to prove his worth. Without batting an eye and without a change of facial expression he told me, "Man, got his god damned head smashed." I hardly needed any vocal enlightenment.

I watched as the Indians were formed in long rows with easily identified tin cans of American vintage. Don't ask me where they got them. Indian helpers on the trucks poured the curried rice into the small tin cans and soon the noisy crowd quieted down as they gulped down their food. There was plenty for all. It represented the one big meal each received daily while Americans were in that area. I could easily reflect to myself, "God Bless America" and glad that I am an American. Perhaps the present day Indira whatever her last name is, doesn't care to be reminded of those days.

There are many more interesting moments, but this is enough. Other Americans who were in India during that period most likely had more interesting experiences. But it is a satisfaction to write, for it at least refreshes my mind of those incomparable days even though this isn't very interesting to any potential readers hereof. □



From The Statesman

JAMSHEDPUR—The Bihar Government is understood to have decided to set up an improvement trust to promote orderly growth of areas surrounding the steel city of Jamshedpur. It is reported that there have been large-scale encroachments on Government lands near the city. The Government, which has prepared a master plan for orderly growth of townships in these areas, has offered the encroachers alternate land.

TRIVANDRUM—A boy was fatally wounded when police fired on an unruly mob obstructing the work of building a sea wall in front of the Thumba Equatorial Rocket Launching Station

near here. The mob of about 3,000 from the fishing community had claimed the proposed sea wall would interfere with their fishing operations. Relations between the Indian Space Research Organization and the fishing community here were never happy, and there has been continual wrangling although the fishermen have been paid generous compensation for their land and provided with an alternate site.

CUTTACK—The Orissa Government has been urged to reorganize the Leprosy Home and establish a full-fledged hospital for the benefit of about 600,000 lepers in the State. Mr. T. N. Dandit, president of the Utkal Kustha Seva Samiti, demanded better training of medical and para-medical personnel engaged in the state leprosy control programme. He alleged that the Government had failed in implementing a rehabilitation programme for lepers after treatment.

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Pilot's Plaything; Flying Tiger Type

By DAVE GIEL

In a Minneapolis Newspaper

"It's just a plaything, for personal enjoyment. Some people collect stamps, you know."

But Chuck Doyle, 55, Rosemount, a Northwest Airlines 727 pilot, collects old airplanes and his latest "plaything" is a P-40 fighter of World War II vintage.

Doyle said he acquired the P-40 in a trade with the Wright-Patterson Air Force Museum at Dayton, Ohio, and flew it to St. Paul Downtown Airport.

He said his P-40 is one of about six still in existence. Only two or three are still flying, he added.

The P-40 saw action before the United States entered World War II, he said, when 100 of the aircraft were used by the "Flying Tigers," a group of U.S. pilots who aided the Chinese battle against the Japanese.

During the war some 15,000 P-40s "fought on more fronts than any other airplane," he said. The plane "was slower than the Japanese Zero but it could outdive the Zero. It was stronger, heavier, and had a better design."

Doyle said his P-40 was built in 1944

and probably never saw combat, although no records are available.

After the war it was given to the Smithsonian Institution, then transferred to the Air Force Museum.

The airplane stayed in the museum for 25 years, accounting for its excellent condition, Doyle said.

The aircraft, worth about \$40,000, is painted drab green and brown, for camouflage, except for the nose, which bears a brightly colored depiction of a snarling mouth.

The P-40 has a single, 1,600-horsepower liquid-cooled engine, and is capable of 360 miles an hour, Doyle said.

He recently traded a non-flying P-40 to the museum for the plane he flew to St. Paul. The Air Force traded because Doyle's old P-40 was a Model E, the same used by the "Flying Tigers." The plane he acquired is a Model N, he said.

A Northwest pilot for 30 years, Doyle said the P-40 "is a good, sound airplane, with terrific handling. It flies like an airplane should fly."

How does it compare to flying one of Northwest's 727s?

"The only disadvantage is that you have to buy your own gas." □



P-40 OWNER Chuck Doyle, at Minneapolis-St. Paul International Airport, shows antique plane to Brig. Gen. John Dolny of the Minnesota National Guard. (133d Air Base Squadron photo.) MAY, 1972

'Marsmen in Burma'

There is a possibility that the book, "Marsmen in Burma," out of print for about 20 years, will again become available.

Plans for reprinting the popular book had been made by the author, John Randolph of Tomball, Texas, several months ago. With his death in March of this year, it appeared that the project would be abandoned.

Ex-CBI Roundup has now been advised by the author's wife, Ruth Randolph, that she will continue with the project if there is sufficient demand for the book. Anyone interested should write her at the following address: Mrs. John Randolph, Route 1, Box 327, Tomball, Texas 77375.

The following is her letter concerning the project:

* * *

My husband, John Randolph, passed away two weeks ago. He was the author of "Marsmen in Burma," the story of men who helped open up the Burma Road. He had a stroke almost twelve years ago and had been more or less inactive in certain areas since. But he loved all the CBI men and the activities.

At the 124th Reunion and the 46th Brigade Reunion this fall, he said that he would consider re-printing "Marsmen in Burma," if enough men sent in their requests and agreed to buy the book before the printing. We already have a file of names (about 80).

We expected the book to cost a minimum of \$10.00. None of the men who wrote cared much about the price since they wanted it for their children or grandchildren, and cost was no object.

The reason for this letter is that I could be persuaded to continue with this project if I had enough response to some kind of request that men who want the book write to me. I would charge just enough to cover the cost of printing, some circularizing, and my expenses in undertaking this project. In other words, this would have to be a labor of love and there would be little if any profit for me in it.

Under these circumstances, I thought

you might want to run a story on it, and see what response would come, so that I might decide if it were worth the effort. It is a great effort, and I would not undertake it without a minimum of 200 names. Actually, when I dug into it again (after the lapse of some six to eight months), I might find that it would take more than that number, or that I might have to charge more than the \$10.00 which John hoped would be the cost to the men.

The original book cost \$6.00, I believe. We printed 2000 copies. We have been sold out for about 20 years.

Thank you for listenin' and for anything you might do to help the men who want this book so desperately. □

Order Now!
**Roundup
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\$5⁵⁰ postpaid

Attractive Book Binder

Holds 24 Copies

Ex-CBI Roundup

P.O. Box 125 Laurens, Iowa

Ace 'Pappy' Boyington Fighting Cancer

From San Francisco Examiner

FRESNO—"I've had a pretty full life, and nothing lasts forever. Any way the wind blows, I won't kick."

That was Gregory "Pappy" Boyington, now 59 and under treatment for cancer, among other things.

He is living here temporarily while under treatment at the Veterans Administration Hospital.

To men who knew the World War II flying ace, they can only say it sounds like "Pappy."

And a lot of men knew him.

Lieutenant Colonel in the Marines, the man who probably shot down more planes than any other flying ace, holder of the Medal of Honor, and finally, author.

"I don't want to bore anybody, or give the impression of being a bore," "Pappy" says today.

He was officially credited with downing 26 planes, equalling the records of Maj. Joe Foss and the famed Capt. Eddie Rickenbacker. (His record was set in World War I.)

Later, cautious recordkeepers made it 28.

He already had shot down his first six planes over China in 1941 flying patched P40s, their fish-like noses painted into sharp-toothed sharks'

mouths, in an outfit called the Flying Tigers, run by the late Gen. Claire Chennault.

A broken leg marked the end of that brilliant air career to the minds of his superiors but "Pappy" wouldn't quit. He put together and led a group of pilots also rejected by Marine Corps squadrons and called them the Black Sheep.

They helped hold the Solomons in 1943 and '44.

His young pilots named him "Pappy" then because, to them he was so old; and because he nursed and prodded them like so many children.

Their anger and their expertise only grew when "Pappy" was shot down in New Britain in January, 1944. He spent the rest of the war as a guest of the Japanese.

"Pappy" has done many things since he mustered out. Today he paints in oils at his Palm Springs home, when not under treatment for his various ills.

His voice is gravelly today as he says:

"The type of life I lived, the old machine was bound to wear out."

To any of the thousands who ever bumped into him, that has to sound like "Pappy." □



TEMPLE on the Hooghly River north of Calcutta, India, seen under bridge over the river. This is one of many temples in the Calcutta area, and will undoubtedly be remembered by CBilers who were there during the war. Photo by Joe. E. Shaw.

MAY, 1972

Great American, Fine Soldier

From Saigon, Vietnam, comes another letter in regard to the article in the January issue by Dr. William H. Crosby—plus a correction of another item in that same issue. The writer, a retired U.S. Army colonel, is commander of the Saigon Basha, China-Burma-India Veterans Association.

By **JAMES D. HOLLAND**
Colonel, USA (Ret.)

May I point out the following regarding your January, 1972 issue:

a. Pg 4, "To the Editor": LTG Richard G. Stilwell is not the son of the late Gen. Joseph W. Stilwell nor is he even related to "Vinegar Joe". BG Joseph W. Stilwell, Jr., the only son of "Vinegar Joe", died in the loss, over the Pacific, of a C-47 in 1965 or 66.

b. The article by Dr. Crosby beginning on pg 6: En toto a slanderous piece of writing which I feel is an unforgivable insult to a great American and fine soldier. It is full of errors, gross mis-statements and inaccuracies. The photos accompanying the article, with one exception (pg 13) are Chinese troops and Chinese casualties, not Americans.

I joined the Marauders at Myitkyina in May, 1944, following the capture of the airstrip which was and always had been the final objective of the Marauders' North Burma campaign from the time they left India. I was part of a shipment of 1,000 replacements known as GH-770 who filled out the ranks of the decimated Marauders and participated in the siege of Myitkyina and later in the Central Burma campaign and later yet in Yunnan. The siege was not occasioned by poor or inadequate planning on the part of Gen. Stilwell but by the tactical mistakes of two Chinese regiments brought in by Col. "Flip" Cochran's gliders to take Myitkyina after the Marauders had secured the airstrip. I do not feel I am competent to write about the medical aspects of the campaign though I too suffered from mite typhus and malaria but I do know

that Gen. Stilwell had no choice but to use every possible means to hold on at Myitkyina. Though he commanded the largest theatre of operations in WW II and at the same time was subordinate to both Mountbatten and Chiang Kai-shek he spent hours in the field with the troops at Myitkyina during the siege and personally awarded decorations in the field.

Dr. Crosby's summation is particularly odious. Mrs. Tuchman's book is not the story of Myitkyina or the Marauders—it is the life story of a man which spanned almost seven decades. To call it unbalanced is unwarranted. Dr. Crosby thinks his urologist and Mrs. Tuchman spoke or wrote outside their area of competence. It is obvious that the doctor wrote considerably outside of his . . . □

**PLAN NOW
TO ATTEND**

**THE 1972 REUNION
CHINA-BURMA-INDIA
VETERANS ASS'N**

August 2 to 5

Americana Hotel

Miami Beach, Fla.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

Tentative Schedule

25th NATIONAL REUNION

CHINA-BURMA-INDIA VETERANS ASSOCIATION

Americana Hotel, Bal Harbour, Miami Beach, Fla.

AUGUST 2-3-4-5, 1972

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 2

Registration, golf, fishing, boating on your own.
9 P.M.—National Host Cocktail Party; entertainment.
Organized youth programs will be effect at this time for the youngsters.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 3

8:30 A.M. to Noon—Registration.
10:00 A.M. to 11:30 A.M.—Business sessions.
1 P.M.—Past Commanders Luncheon (for all).
Free time during afternoon.
7:30 P.M. to 8:30 P.M.—Memorial service, outdoors on deck facing the ocean.
8:45 P.M.—Past reunion slides.
11:00 P.M.—Hospitality rooms.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 4

8:30 A.M. to Noon—Registration.
10:00 A.M. to 11:30 A.M.—Business session.
12 Noon to 3 P.M.—Boat trip and luncheon aboard for all.
7:00 P.M.—Puja Parade poolside.
8:00 P.M.—Luau at poolside for all; music and entertainment.
11:00 P.M.—Hospitality rooms.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 5

8:30 AM. to Noon—Registration.
9:30 A.M. to Noon—Business session.
Free time during afternoon.
7:00 P.M.—Commanders Banquet; awards, entertainment.
11:00 P.M.—Hospitality rooms.

Shanghai Has More of West

By HENRY S. BRADSHER
From The Washington Star

SHANGHAI, China—Of the three cities President Nixon visited in China, this one most reminded him of the Western world.

Peking, the national capital, turns its back to the public with an architectural style that is found all the way across Asia to the Middle East of blank walls facing streets.

Traditional sections of old Peking are built of houses with interior courtyards hidden from view.

Nixon saw many of those blank walls as he was driven through Peking. His attention was focused, however, on the contrasting imperial palaces and the gates of the classical Chinese double-roofed style or newer monumental structures such as the 13-year-old Great Hall of the People.

Nixon never got into the central part of Hangchow, the famed Chinese resort near the east central coast. It is a city of canals and lakes and he stayed alongside the placid beauty of west lake without seeing the city itself.

It was in Shanghai, the last city on the President's one week tour that he found the most westernized city in China.

The reason is that Shanghai was built up from mud flats near the mouth of China's great Yangtze River during the past century as a western trading center.

The British and French developed the heart of the huge modern city as their own areas governed by their own laws under the concept of extra-territoriality.

This alienation of part of China only ended shortly before the communist takeover in 1949.

Shanghai is a city of Western-style buildings, some solid and stodgy, like the British colonialists who built them, some fluted and fancy like the architecture of old Paris.

Along the many tree-lined streets are rows of houses that could come straight out of some London suburb. In other areas are French villas.

One old resident of Shanghai found six Chinese families living in a West-

ern-style house where his one family had lived 25 years ago.

But there is no sense of deterioration into slums in the areas where Westerners once lived with numerous cheap Chinese servants.

An extensive tour around the city shows the old areas are being neatly maintained.

If once-elegant shops now lack the wide-range of luxury goods they used to have for the foreign community, then they now have things the general public wants and can afford to buy.

Many shops have signs written in the Latin alphabet as well as Chinese characters. This is true in Peking, too, although to a lesser extent, and in Hangchow.

According to Chinese guides, the signs are part of an effort to gradually accustom the Chinese people to a phonetic alphabet in place of characters. Each character is a word or in some cases part of a complicated work. The intricate characters are difficult to memorize and one has to memorize several thousand in order to read Chinese well.

The Communist government has experimented with reforms that would increase the use of Latin letters. But there is no firm decision on how far or how fast to push change.

In the shopping area, few vehicles were seen but the streets were thronged with pedestrians. Chinese stores stay open every day and for most people, Sunday is a day off on which they can shop.

Trolley buses, which replaced old British streetcars, were full of people. Many others rode bicycles, the most popular form of individual transportation. Private cars are virtually unknown in China.

Taxis seemed to be nonexistent but, here and there one could see an old fashioned three-wheel bicycle rickshaw. Men pedaling them were mostly rather old—this did not seem to be something that young men begin doing in industrializing, modernizing China.

As a sign of that modernization, streets were being swept by women riding small three-wheel machines with two rotary brushes on front of them.

There are a number of cliches about Shanghai today that most visitors repeat.

One is the contrast between the sinful old days when visiting sailors could find any form of entertainment they wanted and the present prudishness of Communist morality.

Another is that the clock atop the old British Customs house facing the Whampoo river port area no longer chimes like Big Ben in London—now it sings out the tune of "The East Is Red," a hymn of the Communist regime.

And the Chinese masses can enjoy themselves in an attractively green

riverside park where once, guides say, was posted that notorious colonialist sign reading "no dogs and Chinese allowed."

There is some dispute among old China hands who fled from Shanghai to Hong Kong just before the Communist takeover whether such a sign ever really existed or was only invented as a story to illustrate the attitude of Westerners who ran Shanghai for their own profit and pleasure.

But regardless of whether it is apocryphal, the story about the sign well epitomizes the contrast between the old Shanghai and the thriving Chinese masses Nixon saw. □



BACKS TO THE WALL: *The Heroic Story of the People of London during World War II.* By Leonard Mosley. Random. November 1971. \$10.00.

A history of the "six most painful and difficult years" of London's history—that unforgettable ordeal, lasting from 1939 to 1945, when England had her back to the wall after the fall of France and the heroic evacuation of Dunkirk. Mosley, who wrote "Battle of Britain," brings the whole period vividly to life. He depicts the war itself, from blitz to Battle of Britain to the last buzzbombs, and its impact on the daily (and nocturnal) lives of London's people.

THE REVENGE OF HEAVEN: *Journal of a Young Chinese.* By Ken Ling. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. January 1972. \$8.95.

A young Chinese student when the "cultural revolution" began, the author was a member of the Communist Youth League and deputy of the student council at his university. He participated in the nightmare initiated by the "preparatory revolutionary committee" that took over the university. This included student spying on student, self criticism orgies, accusations directed at professors and educators that led to beatings,

tortures and shocking debasements. Despite misgivings, the author built power around himself as the movement spread. Later, feeling he could never go back and face classroom rules, he fled to Hong Kong.

THE BUDDHA'S WAY. By H. Saddhatissa. George Braziller, New York. February 1972. \$5.95.

A direct and lucid introduction to the teachings of the Buddha, illustrated with selections from the Pali scriptures chronology of Buddhist history, guide for further reading, index and glossary.

CHINA RETURNS. By Klaus Mehnert. E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., New York. February 1972. \$10.00.

A man who has lived and worked in both China and the Soviet Union tells about the people of China, and what it's like to live in China today. Klaus Mehnert's close acquaintance with that country dates back over 40 years. A journalist, he is also one of Europe's leading experts on the Soviet Union.

PAKISTAN CRISIS. By David Loshak. McCraw-Hill Book Co., New York. February 1972. \$6.95.

A correspondent for the London Daily Telegraph and Sun Telegraph since early 1969 in both India and Pakistan, Loshak was among the first on the scene with a detailed picture of events leading up to the outbreak of war between India and Pakistan on December 3, 1971. He explores the complex problems which in his opinion doomed from the start any possibility that West and East Pakistan could remain a unified country.

Burma Unlocks Its Mysteries

BY GEORGIA HESSE

Travel Editor

San Francisco Examiner

RANGOON (Burma)—The other twilight, I was standing in the Irrawaddy River where it makes a bend around the antique town of Pagan in what the Burmans call up-country.

From town, bullock-drawn carts came to the river banks to be loaded with great cans of water for the villagers. The old and the young splashed in the cold water and the dying light as they have for centuries.

I felt way out.

I was. For years, Burma has succeeded in barring foreigners and only in the last nine months has it become possible for an American to obtain a tourist visa good for one week and thus traipse beyond the capital.

I came here with few preconceptions: Vinegar Joe Stilwell and the Burma Road, Rudyard Kipling and the road to Mandalay where the flying fishes play, Noel Coward's "In Rangoon, the natives swoon . . ."

Burma's tourist industry is just beginning and the package is rather a clumsy one. Yet far from being the drab, dull and lifeless place one imagines from occasional news headlines, Burma shows off a color and variety as rich as its rubies and jade.

The week began in the old Strand Hotel just off Rangoon's waterfront. It is a leftover from 19th century British India, a high-ceilinged, teak-floored anachronism in the revolutionary socialist state of General Ne Win.

The name Rangoon means "the end of war," yet few cities in Asia have endured such war-inspired distress. Its appearance is resolutely Asian, with men in wraparound skirts squatting on the sidewalks to sell anything: coconut milk, rubber erasers, penknives or fruit.

When the Burmans of Rangoon aren't peddling something, they are standing in line for the movies. Burma's first homemade motion picture, "Love and Liquor," appeared in 1915. Today, though, the biggest lines wait under marquees advertising such imports as

"Tora! Tora! Tora!," "Goldfinger," "Valley of the Dolls" and "Hell in Normandy."

There is a vast philosophical distance, if not a geographical one, between the theater showing "Goldfinger" and the great golden glory of Rangoon, the Shwe Dagon pagoda.

Shwe Dagon is to Rangoon what St. Peter's is to Rome, one of the holiest places in the Buddhist universe. To visit it is to experience living theater: young priests with shaven heads and saffron robes strolling under red umbrellas; crabbed beggars beating little triangular gongs; a sari-wrapped grandmother showering a marble figure of Buddha with water to keep the god cool.

You pad barefoot here, for foot coverings of every kind are prohibited, throughout the vast complex of shrines and altars dominated by the mountainous bulk of Shwe Dagon itself, inlaid with gold plates.

Lions, demons and half-bird humans cavort in wood, marble and stone silence above the heads of vendors in stairways that make Shwe Dagon a market as well as a shrine.

Until recently, when only overnight visas were permitted, the traveler was restricted to Rangoon and the Shwe Dagon may have been all he remembered of Burma.

But now, via the Fairchild F-27s of UBA (Union of Burma Airways), he can fly to one of the most remarkable sites in all Asia, the ruined temple city of Pagan.

Pagan was a kingdom in itself during the 11th and 12th centuries and until it was wasted by the Mongols of Kublai Khan in 1287 for refusing to pay tribute.

Today it is one of the most incredible collections of temples and monuments in the world. They say four million of them once studded the 16 square miles of the city.

That sounds impossible until you look down upon Pagan from the air. Today, 5000 of them remain, some 1000 still grandly soaring, the rest reduced to brick and stone protrusions that

seem to have been excreted by the very earth.

It is too much to take in all in one day, and a new UBA tour makes it possible to fly from Rangoon one morning, tramp through the temples until dinner and spend the night in the new UBA guest house on the banks of the Irrawaddy. (The government guest house is not recommended.)

Because of Rudyard Kipling, Mandalay is more seductive in poetry than in reality. Unfortunately, World War II wiped out its greatest attraction, the royal palace. Little more than its walls remain, but a couple of temples are well worth visiting and it's great to sit there, drinking Mandalay beer, just to say you've done it.

Mandalay, incidentally, has the most enormous market I've ever seen, a classic for photographers and other lovers of markets.

Burma is for the adventurer, the one-up traveler, the one who wants to add more stamps to his passport. Besides that, it has great potential.

How to Get There

Here's some background on Burma, one of the least-visited countries of the world.

Getting there: You fly there in an hour from Bangkok, Thailand, on the one Boeing 727 owned by UBA (Union of Burma Airways). You'll feel right at home, for the plane's interior is decorated with scenes of Northern California. It formerly belonged to Air West.

On board the aircraft, you can purchase liquor, such as Lemon Hart rum for \$2.50. Do so. It's expensive in Rangoon.

Climate: Hot. Best time for a visit is between November and March when it's driest. It may be pleasantly cool at night in Pagan and mountain areas during this time.

Customs and documents: You'll need a passport and visa, so plan ahead to send your passport off to Consulate of the Union of Burma, 10 East 77th St., New York, 10021, or have your travel agent or a local visa service do it. Visas are valid for a trip of seven days; no more.

Smallpox and cholera vaccinations are required and your doctor or Over-

seas Medical Center may suggest others.

On arrival, you'll pass by five desks, at each of which you will be questioned and asked to fill out forms (often the same ones you just filled out at the previous desk).

Food: The hotels serve western food as well as Burmese, Chinese and Indian.

Hotels: The two worth mention in Rangoon are the Strang and the Inya Lake Hotel. The Strand is old, comfortable, with excellent service and an atmosphere of faded Empire. It's right downtown and better located for walking.

The Inya Lake overlooks a lovely lake halfway between the airport and downtown. It's modern, air-conditioned, with more international atmosphere.

In Pagan and Mandalay, you'll stay at the UBA guest house and the Mandalay Strand. The UBA guest house is spartan but clean.

Money: The currency is spelled kyat and pronounced chaht and is divided into 100 pyas. A kyat is worth about 21 cents U.S. You cannot bring kyats in or out. There's a smuggling problem regarding those who buy them in Hong Kong on the free market.

You must change your money with an authorized dealer. There's one in the hotel. You must record each transaction on an exchange form and turn it in at the airport when you leave the country. Don't change more than you need at any one time.

Restaurants: Foreigners are encouraged to dine mostly in the hotels, but I found the Chinese food at the Palace delicious (especially the crab claws), and the American Women's Association also recommends Kwan Lock Restaurant, Lok Loo Choon and Hai Yuan.

Things to buy: Jade, sapphires and rubies at the Diplomatic Shop, where they accept hard currency only. There also are shops in the hotels and at the airport after you've gone through exit formalities.

Addenda: The local beer, Mandalay, is quite good and safer than the water. You can drink what the room-boy puts in your hotel room. If you want cocktails, bring your own bottles in with you. Two Bloody Marys cost us \$5 U.S. at the Strand bar before we discovered the prices. □

TC Unit on the Hooghly

By HOWARD B. GORMAN

In attempting to compile a history of the 327th Harbor Craft Company, Army Transportation Corps, the writer is somewhat handicapped by the lack of specific dates regarding arrivals, departures and other aspects of unit movement. However, with my own knowledge of the unit through personal affiliation and with data supplied by Henry L. Stubbs, Opelousas, La., a former company officer and the last company commander, I believe I can provide a composite and fairly accurate chronology of the unit's activities here and in CBI.

The 327th and 326th Harbor Craft Companies were formed and activated at the Port of Embarkation, North Charleston, S.C., in the early part of 1943. The writer was assigned to the 327th in July of that year and proceeded there from Fort Douglas, Salt Lake City, Utah.

The company was divided into two sections, operations and maintenance. Because of his MOS, your writer was assigned to maintenance as an electrician. Intensive training was begun, using the facilities of the Charleston Navy Yard and the adjacent Cooper River. The operations crews performed the actual manning of the motor tow launches and sea mules which ultimately provided the motive power for transport at our overseas station, as yet unknown. The electrician crew received intensive marine electrical training at the Navy Yard under the supervision of civilian personnel.

Many of the men in the operations section were former members of the merchant marine, or had previous tugboat operation experience with extensive training in both deck and engine room operations on board ship.

This activity, interspersed with the normal military training routine, carried on through the remainder of 1943 and into the early part of 1944. In late February shipping orders were received, the frantic activities of packing and moving began, and we departed by train for Camp Patrick Henry, Va., where we arrived to find snow on the ground and the weather bitterly cold. Following a relatively short stay

here we embarked on the U.S.S. General Mann at Newport News March 7, and sailed for an unknown destination.

After a stormy but uneventful voyage we arrived at Casablanca where both companies went by truck to Camp Don Passage. After a stay at this location we again went by truck into Casablanca, where we boarded the well-known and much-maligned (and rightfully so) "40 & 8" for a miserable three-day train ride to Oran. Here the units boarded the former British liner S.S. Winchester Castle for a very pleasant trip to Port Said. This phase of the journey was like a cook's tour as there was ample room for all with the personnel occupying staterooms. The chow was British in origin and preparation, but not too bad.

At Port Said we were transported by barge to the middle of the Suez Canal where everyone sat in the hot sun for an ungodly time, after which all hands boarded another British troop transport, the S.S. Otranto. This trip was a nightmare compared to our jaunt from Oran. The ship was loaded to the brim with both GI and British troops and space was at a premium. The trip through the Canal and into the Red Sea was quite interesting in spite of the overcrowded conditions, and after passing out of the Red Sea the next stop was at the port of Aden for taking on oil and supplies. From Aden the ship entered the Indian Ocean and we arrived at Bombay on 25 April 1944. We were able to witness first hand the terrible devastation wrought by the ammunition ship explosions that had occurred prior to our arrival. The entire dock area was a shambles. From Bombay both units went by train across India via Nagpur to our now-obvious destination, Calcutta. This trip was considerably more pleasant than our trip in North Africa, and all of us enjoyed watching the countryside roll past.

After arriving in Calcutta, both harbor craft units were billeted temporarily at the Lady Bradbourne College in Park Circus. This was a college for women in peacetime, but it was being used at this time as a rest camp.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

The stay here lasted about two weeks during which time the 327th began operating out of the King George Docks, which was our permanent base of operations. The operations crews were made up and assigned motive power, and began their trips up and down the Hooghly River hauling vital supplies and material for re-shipment or assignment to other areas and installations. This activity went on continuously through the remainder of 1944 and on into the following year. Meanwhile the 327th finally was established in its permanent camp at Camp Togoa on the Barrackpore Trunk Road some miles out of Calcutta. The men went back and forth to King George Docks by truck, and operations were now proceeding smoothly. Tonnage being hauled was constantly increasing and some crews were engaged in hauling vital gasoline and petroleum products by barge from Budge-Budge.

All personnel suffered the usual afflictions associated with CBI—dengue fever, malaria, dysentery, heat rash, et al—however, the unit continued to function.

After the surrender of Germany everyone could begin to see the ultimate defeat of Japan and the chance to return home. Following a stay in the 142nd General Hospital with a roaring attack of dengue fever, your writer was sent to Khulna on DS. There, with the help of other 326th and 327th personnel, a large floating machine shop barge was being completed.

About mid-November 1945, orders were cut for the first leg of my journey home. I returned by train to Calcutta, where other personnel were awaiting orders at Camp Togoa. After saying "so long" to our buddies we went by truck to Replacement Depot No. 3 at Kanchrapara to await further transportation home. We spent Thanksgiving here, and due to the Hindu-Moslem riots Calcutta was off limits, so we were forced to see the sights in the area adjoining Kanchrapara. Shortly after Thanksgiving, we were entrucked for Camp Hialeah, Calcutta, stayed there overnight, and embarked the next morning on the U.S.S. General Hase at Princep Ghat. We sailed from Calcutta on 28 November 1945, arriving in New York on 28 December 1945. All personnel went by ferry to Jersey City, then by train to Camp Kilmer.

After an 11-day stay I went by ATC to McClellan Field, Calif., and on to Camp Beale for final processing and discharge on 11 January 1946.

The remainder of the 327th Harbor Craft Company that was still in Calcutta underwent numerous changes of command and ultimately came under the final command of Lt. Henry Stubbs, who deactivated the company in Calcutta in early 1946. The men came back to the United States by various ways and means.

During the life of the 327th there were several command changes. Our original CO, Capt. U. G. Mosier Jr., was sent back to the States in 1945 and at the time of my departure, Captain Johnson, former 326th CO, was commanding officer.

Overall both harbor craft units played a very important role in the transportation of vitally needed supplies and material necessary to the successful prosecution of the war in the CBI. In many cases they were the only units that could get supplies from one place to another for trans-shipment to Assam, Burma or over the Hump.

My sincere thanks to Henry Stubbs for the data concerning the activities of the 327th after my departure. I have tried to make this article as accurate as memory and the passage of time will permit. I hope that any former members of either unit can, in time to come, add their little bits and pieces to the story of the TC units that "went to sea" and sailed the dirty bloomin' Hooghly. □

Tell All Your
Friends About
Ex-CBI
Roundup



NAGA head-hunters in Assam, India. Photo by Nina Matthews Jacobs.

2nd Troop Carrier

● All members of the 2nd Troop Carrier Squadron are invited to get together at the 25th annual reunion of the China-Burma-India Veterans Association, to be held August 2-5, 1972, at the Americana Hotel in Miami Beach, Fla. For further information, write me at 3520 S. Logan Avenue, Milwaukee, Wis. 53207.

RUSS KOPPLIN,
Milwaukee, Wis.

Story of the Meigs

● The article in your March 1972 issue by Earl O. Culum of Dallas on the death of the troop transport General M. C. Meigs, five miles south of Cape Flattery, reminded me of a small vignette I remembered concerning the ship. At the time the Meigs broke up on the Washington coast its death was greatly overshadowed by the death of the ex-great Cunarder Queen Elizabeth a few days before in Hong Kong—so that I had almost forgotten about the Meigs. I remember seeing the Meigs the first time as she lay alongside the dock at Karachi in mid-November 1945. She was

anchored right behind the ship I boarded, the M. S. Torrens. We sailed November 15 the day ahead of the Meigs, but we were to see and hear from her again before we arrived in New York 23 days later. She was a faster ship than ours and passed us in the Mediterranean a day out of Alexandria. A day out of Gibraltar both ships ran into a hurricane. During that hurricane we received a

radio report that a freighter, Harriet Beecher Stowe, had lost her propeller west of the Azores and requested assistance. Both the Meigs and the Torrens responded and said they were on the way to her aid. However, the Meigs was at least a day ahead of us and radioed she would go to the Stowe's assistance. She was the first vessel to reach the ship in distress and if I remember right she stood by until a Navy or Coast Guard vessel could take the disabled ship in tow. I'm sure this was one of the highlights of the wartime service of the Meigs. Quite possibly some other reader could fill us in with more details on her career serving the CBI theater. I saw her the last time at Bellingham in about 1958, just before she was sent to join the reserve fleet at Olympia.

JOEL P. BUFFINGTON,
Brookings, Ore.

Start and Finish

● Was in Lashio on November 8, 1941, and Myitkyina, Burma, when the war ended. I was a major; am now retired from U.S. Public Health Service.

WILLIAM L. JELLISON,
Hamilton, Mont.



SOLDIER stands by as native railway employee checks engine on Darjeeling-Himalaya Railway near Darjeeling, India, in 1944. Photo by Henry Morgan.



GRAND HOTEL on Chowringhee Road in Calcutta, India, not far from the famous Firpo's restaurant, was a busy place during World War II. It is still one of the city's best hotels. Photo from John E. Chapman.

John H. Randolph

● John Hayward Randolph, 63, a Texas storyteller known for his humorous books about the state, including "Texas Brags," died March 17 in a Houston hospital. He wrote "Texas Brags" before going overseas to the China-Burma-India Theater in World War II. When he returned to the United States in 1945, the book had sold more than 140,000 copies, and more than a million have been sold to date. Among other books was "Marsmen in Burma," a history of his World War II unit.

(From a San Francisco Examiner clipping sent in by Ray Kirkpatrick, San Francisco.)

Walter Keppler

● This is to notify you that my husband, Walter Keppler died May 5, 1971. May you have continued success with your magazine; I know Walter enjoyed reading it and on several occasions sent in articles for publication.

MRS. E. M. KEPPLER,
Marmora, N.J.

General Meigs

● Back in July of 1946, along with 347 other men, arrived in San Francisco aboard the General Meigs from Shanghai. So natural-

ly was a little saddened to read in the March issue that the ship that brought me home was dashed against the rocks while being towed from Olympia, Wash., to San Francisco.

STEVE LABOSH,
Charleroi, Pa.

Tom Mainard

● Thomas Sloan Mainard, whose CBI service included construction of oil and gas tanks, pump stations and pipelines in the steaming jungles of Assam, Burma

and China, died February 28 at Tulsa, Okla., following a heart attack. Burial was at Pryor, Okla. He was a member of the Tulsa Basha, CBIVA.

GEORGE NORVELL,
Tulsa, Okla.

7th Bomb Group

● Really enjoy your magazine, but wish more chaps from the old 7th Heavy Bomber Group would let us hear from them.

E. E. SCHROEDER,
Major, USAR (Ret),
Milton, Wis.

Now a General

● An old CBI hand of the 5307th Prov. Brigade, 1st Lt. Howard Garrison, is now a brigadier general in the New York State National Guard and a long resident of these Triple Cities. I was a captain, VC., 475th Infantry Regiment.

H. C. PHELPS,
Owego, N.Y.

14th Air Force

● Was in China from May to October, 1945, as a replacement personnel adjutant for a squadron of 14th Air Force.

PHILIP A. HASTINGS,
Pomona, Calif.



TRUCKS in the first convoy over the Ledo-Burma Road are welcomed in Kunming, China, after their long journey. Photo from Dottie Yuen Leuba.



Commander's Message

by
Robert D. Thomas
National Commander
China-Burma-India
Veterans Assn.

Dear CBI family:

Memorial Day has been celebrated on many dates throughout the years since its inception by the Confederacy during the Civil War.

According to history books, flower-decoration ceremonies were held at the graves of both Union and Confederate soldiers in many Confederate states. Early in 1868 the commander of the Grand Army of the Republic ordered that memorial ceremonies be conducted annually by Union veterans to honor all Union soldiers.

But whatever the dates, the purpose has always been the same—to pay tribute to those who served our country in time of strife.

Would not this Memorial Day be a fitting time to rededicate ourselves as Americans, to further honor those loyal Americans gone before?

Granted, our nation has problems to be solved, but we in CBIVA have seen it through good times and bad, and we know that, with all its faults, it is still the finest place to live on the face of the earth.

Could we in CBIVA be the start of a resurgence of the patriotic spirit that has, until recently, typified Americans throughout the world?

The American Creed, written by William Tyler Page, was adopted by Act of Congress on April 6, 1918. Perhaps

This space is contributed to the CBIVA by Ex-CBI Roundup as a service to the many readers who are members of the Assn., of which Roundup is the official publication. It is important to remember that CBIVA and Roundup are entirely separate organizations. Your subscription to Roundup does not entitle you to membership in CBIVA, nor does your membership in CBIVA entitle you to a subscription to Roundup. You need not be a member of CBIVA in order to subscribe to Roundup or vice versa.—Ed.

those of us who feel that being a patriot is still an important part of being an American, could recite this Creed—to ourselves and our families, particularly our young people.

I include it here:

"I believe in the United States of America, as a government of the people, by the people, for the people; whose just powers are derived from the consent of the governed; a democracy in a republic; a sovereign nation of many sovereign states; a perfect union, one and inseparable; established upon those principles of freedom, equality, justice and humanity for which American patriots sacrificed their lives and fortunes.

"I therefore believe it is my duty to my country to love it, to support its constitution, to obey its laws, to respect its flag, and to defend it against all enemies."

Sincerely,
BOB THOMAS

P.S. I hope you have sent your ads and boosters for the reunion program book to Harold Kretchmar, 2625 Arthur Ave., Maplewood, Missouri 63143, and your reunion reservations to Vera Seder, 5048 N. 32nd St., Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53209. Miami Beach is waiting!

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P.O. Box 125 Laurens, Iowa 50554

EX-CBI ROUNDUP



FAMILY member watches fire at burning ghat outside an Indian village. Photo by Lynn McBryde.

Only One Went

● Americans have more nerve than people from some other countries, or so it proved in one instance in 1944. I was PRO of the Tenth Air Force. We had no more than settled in our tents and bashas on a tea plantation in Assam, which was a far cry from our headquarters in a palace in Calcutta before I received a telephone call from Preston Grover, Associated Press representative in CBI. Grover needed to get to China and could not get transportation that day. He asked if I could help. Told him the only thing we had going was planes carrying gasoline and that they were dangerous, especially upon the return trip when fume-filled drums were returned. An hour later a representative of a French news agency and a rep from a Belgian news agency (I never found out how come countries the Germans had overrun had agencies) showed up at headquarters. They also were in a hurry to get to China. I arranged transportation for all three. Grover made the trip over one day and returned the next. We never heard from the Frenchman or Belgian again. They didn't show for their trip.

RAY OSBORNE,
Austin, Tex.

780th E.P.D.

● Received February issue of Ex-CBI Roundup, and as usual read it all the way through right away. We surely are lucky to have such a magazine. I was with the 780th E.P.D. We saw service in Tinsukia, Margaita, Ledo, Lekapani in India; Tagap and Shing in Burma; and in China from the Salween all the way to Kunming. We are having a reunion this year in Indianapolis at the Holiday Inn on 21st Street, from July 20 through July 23. Any CBIers in the area are

Troop Interpreter

● Would like to know if anyone of "C" Troop, 124th Cavalry, would know whatever became of the troop's interpreter. His name was Johnnie Lee Chen. I left him at Chihkiang, China, in 1945. Later I wrote to him, when I got to the States, and my letter came back as unable to locate. Some of the officers Johnnie Lee was interpreter for were Capt. Jerry P. Lowe, Lt. Richard E. Wingreen, Lt. David R. Dail and myself, Lt. Paul M. Henke.

PAUL M. HENKE,
Fredericksburg, Tex.



FAMILY group of Shans, somewhere in Burma. Photo by Dwight M. Burkham.

welcome to drop in for a drink and a chat.

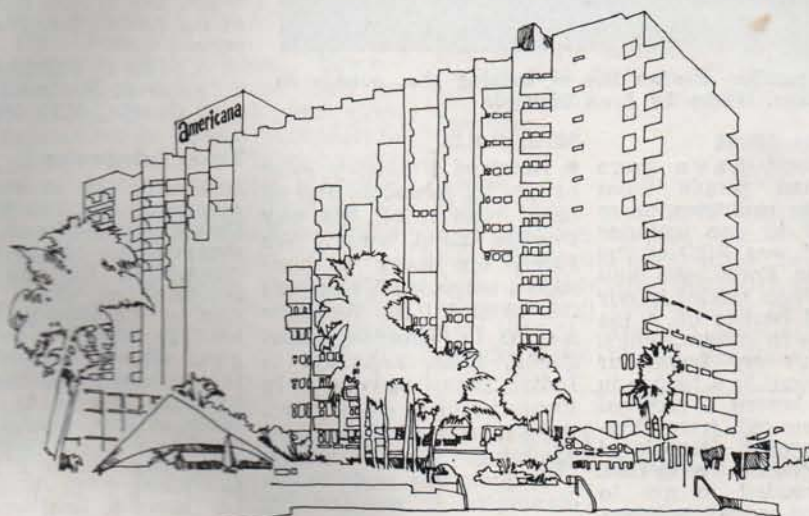
ROY SMITH,
Edison, N.J.

Calcutta Hospitals

● Don't see much in Ex-CBI Roundup from my old friends of the 263rd or 142nd Station Hospital of Calcutta, India. We landed in Bombay, went to Karachi and then to Calcutta, with many places in between. I had a bad coronary four years ago, and have not worked since. Sure would like to hear from any of the medics I worked and served with.

JESS C. FIDELL, JR.,
219 E. Railroad St.,
Oneida, N.Y. 13421

WELCOME...
CHINA-BURMA-INDIA VETERANS
and best wishes for a successful reunion



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